



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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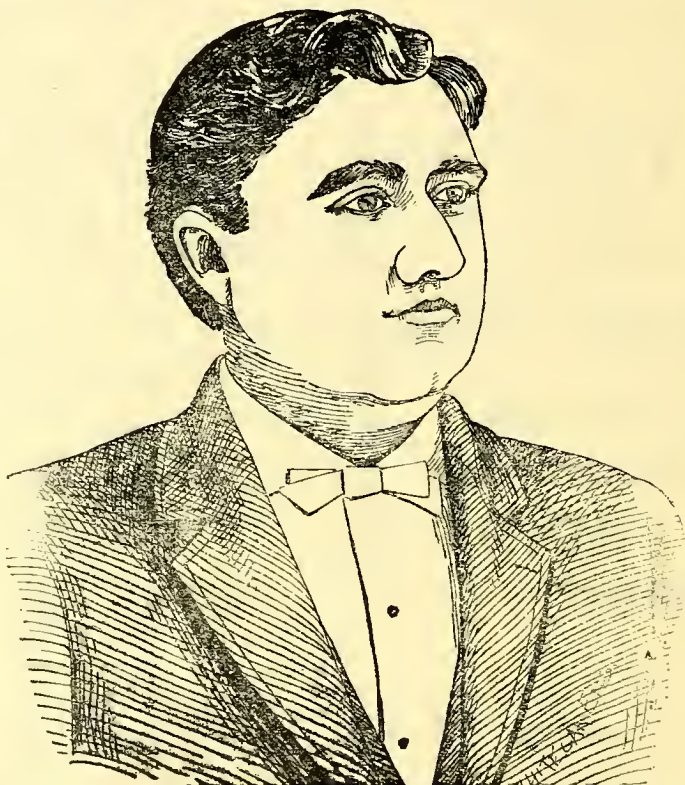
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COREA, THE HERMIT KINGDOM.

A GLANCE at the picture is sufficient to tell that it is an Asiatic scene that the artist has represented—that his subject was found in a nation which we call by

ket streets and places of Seoul is one where a huge bell, oddly shaped but sweet toned, occupies a pagoda constructed specially for it. Bell, market-place and Coreans are well shown in the



GREAT BELL AT SEOUL, COREA.

the general name of Mongolian. In truth it is in the island peninsula of Corea that he found the suggestion for his picture. Of Corea, Seoul is the capital city; and among the many mar-

illustration, but the particular history or purpose of the bell is not given, either by the artist or by anyone else that we know of, although the inscription beneath the roof of the little temple, in

Chinese looking characters, would no doubt throw some light upon the subject if one could but read it.

But while travelers, and writers may know little concerning the interior of the towns and the domestic habits of the Coreans, the day is at hand when the former exclusiveness will be torn away. Indeed this has already been done to a great extent; and the "hermit kingdom," as it has been called, has actually received during the last year more advertising and mention than many a far more important part of the globe. It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that this change is by reason of the late war between Japan and China. Corea was the original bone of contention between them; and it may be well believed of Japan that having gone to war in behalf of her exclusive neighbor, the enterprising conqueror will not neglect the commercial fruits of her victory by leaving the Coreans as secluded as they have heretofore desired to be. With all their unwillingness, however, to mingle with other people, the Coreans have nevertheless several times subjected themselves to a sharp lesson for their meddlesomeness. A notable occasion was in 1867, when, some American vessels having been burned by them, a United States naval officer was sent to bring them to time, and three years later another United States force sailed up the river toward the capital, the commander's heavy guns promptly knocking down or silencing the native forts along the way.

By the terms of the peace recently agreed to as concluding the war, Japan gains important concessions as to commerce and manufacture in the little kingdom of Corea, with the practical control of several of the more important seaports. It is consequently more than

likely that a great improvement will take place in the condition of the people, who are generally extremely poor, without industrial art and without much incentive to activity beyond the supplying of their immediate wants. Commerce they hardly know the meaning of, unless the term can be applied to the occasional market or fair, which is suggested in the picture; and until very lately there has hardly been a wheeled vehicle in the kingdom. For more than fifty years devoted missionaries, generally Catholics, have labored among the people, but generally with poor success and frequently being killed for their pains. An improvement in this respect is looked forward to with great confidence, along with the other good things for Eastern Asia which are expected as a result of the triumph of the doughty young oriental idol-smasher Japan. C.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

On the 19th of October, 1853, I left my native land, Denmark, by the steamer *Nordcap*, to commence my labors in a foreign land and among strangers.

My mother and Elder John F. Dorius accompanied me to the ship and bade me farewell, with their earnest wishes for God's blessing upon me. This was the last time I saw my beloved mother, as she emigrated to Utah that same fall, and after living in Salt Lake City one year died there.

Elder Dorius had been one of the imprisoned brethren, but had been honorably released from his mission in Norway and assigned to another field in Denmark. On this occasion he did not in the least discourage me by relating his experiences, but rather put the brightest light on the scenes that I

might expect to pass through. I had only secured deck-passage, and the night being cold and damp, this was a new trial to me. Besides, at one time during the night a wave passed over my resting place, which was under a carriage on the deck, and it wet me all over. Some benevolent person of the ship's crew seeing this, took pity on me and allowed me to go down in the second cabin, and when daylight appeared I felt very thankful that God had spared me from the dreadful experience of sea-sickness, with which I saw several of the more comfortably provided passengers were suffering; for a storm with rain and sleet had set in and the sea was pretty rough. I made, however, the best I could of it by walking the deck to keep warm. After spending a second night on deck I found that our vessel had reached the rocky coast of Norway and was landing the mail and some passengers. We had now crossed the North Sea, and proceeded further up the bay toward Christiania; but I disembarked at a small town called Moss, to await another steamer that would take me to the city of Frederikstad, where I was to find the brethren that had charge of the mission in Norway. How strange everything appeared to me! The rocky heights with their dress of evergreen forests so close to the town and the sea shore, the roaring waterfalls and the busy scene at the saw-mills and large iron works—all was so different from what I had seen in my native land, that I for some time was lost in wonderment. And here I was a lone stranger in a foreign land, yet a servant of God with authority to administer in the ordinances of the Gospel of Christ.

But the busy citizens knew it not, and I was not yet appointed to inform

them or impart to them of the treasures that would make them rich indeed, if they would receive them. I felt that I might speak to my Father in Heaven, and for that purpose I retired to a small grove of timber on the hill close by and there and then dedicated myself to the Lord and His work in the land to which I had been sent by His servants, humbly asking Him to bless and preserve me; and I felt assured that my prayer was recognized and that my desires would be granted.

A few hours later the steamer arrived for which I had been waiting, and soon I reached my destination and was received by the president, E. G. M. Hougen, and other brethren and Saints with such a welcome as made me feel exceedingly happy.

I was now absolutely penniless; my last money had been paid to the porter who carried my baggage and showed me the way from the landing. But I had been used to be without money in my former field of labor in Denmark, and I was therefore not at all concerned about my financial circumstances. In the evening of the same day a council of the Priesthood was held, and I was then appointed to go to Christiania to assist Elder Canute Petersen—now President of Sanpete Stake—who had been sent there a short time previously. Elder C. Dorius—afterwards Bishop of Ephraim South Ward—was appointed to open the Gospel door in the city of Drammen, and as his way would take him through Christiania, it was decided that we should travel together that far. A native brother named Larsen also accompanied us.

The brethren allowed me to stay a few days among the Saints in Frederikstad Branch, with a view, no doubt, of giving me the benefit of forming a good

opinion of the Norwegian people as Latter-day Saints, as I soon would have an opportunity to learn what they were before the Gospel changed their natures. And this was indeed a very wise course to take with a young stranger. Thus I spent some exceedingly pleasant days with the Saints in that locality, but finally took leave of them and commenced the journey towards my appointed field of labor. I had not proceeded very far on my journey before a brother overtook us and brought me one Norwegian dollar as a gift from Sister Widerborg, and I learned afterwards that that was the last money she had or had any prospect of getting, as Brother Widerborg was very poor. In some way she had learned that I departed without a cent in my pocket, and this information nearly broke her heart, and she embraced therefore, the first opportunity to assist me with all the means she had. In justice to the Saints I must say that if they had known my financial wants they would not have let me go empty-handed.

The wet season of the year had now fairly set in, and the roads were very muddy. We carried on our backs the few most necessary articles of clothing, and a small supply of tracts and books. With several pounds of mud on our feet and quite a quantity of water in our clothing, and with our baggage on our backs, the traveling was not much of a pleasure trip. The farming people in Norway do not live in villages, as in Denmark, but on their farms, which generally are scattered among the hills, where tillable places can be found among the rocks. These farms are often miles apart and generally have more or less of timber in the neighborhood. Much of our way was therefore

through such forests, and when darkness had set in we came to a place where the roads forked, and not knowing which one to take, we applied at a lonely house for information, but had evidently scared the people by our untimely call. They carefully kept the door only a little ajar, while we discovered the glittering barrel of a gun in the hand of the foremost person, and others behind him seemingly prepared to give assistance in case of need. All were dressed in their scanty night-clothes. Our guide and spokesman, Brother Larsen, made known to them that we desired a place to rest over night, but they referred us to another place in the neighborhood, where we might possibly find lodgings, stating that they were very poor, which no doubt was the truth. That other place was at last reached, but the people having retired, it was only after much persuasion that they consented to take us in and give us some supper.

Next morning revealed to us that it was rather an untidy place where we had put up, and later on we found out that we had contracted a contagious skin disease, no doubt in that same place, which caused us much trouble and inconvenience. We were charged enough for all we received there, and we found out that a regular inn was close by, where we could have had at least as cheap and better accommodations, and likely would have escaped the before-mentioned disease.

On the 30th of October we reached Christiania, the capital of Norway. We were now to find our brethren, Elders Petersen and Olsen. The brethren were not at their lodging-place on our arrival, but after waiting a short time they appeared. The first impression that I received was, that our coming was not

much appreciated; not but what the brethren, under more favorable circumstances, would have been glad for our company, but because everything looked so gloomy for the missionary work in that city. Brother Petersen suggested that it perhaps would be best for me to return, as he had all that he could do to keep himself there, even to live in the cheapest possible manner.

I paid my last cash out for the first night's lodging, supper and breakfast, and was therefore apparently without any means of subsistence; but I did not feel inclined to give up without first trying to do something. As I was the owner of a nice little watch, I offered to part with that to raise some money, and my young friend was fortunate in selling it for me, getting the full value for it, thus providing me with about six dollars.

I will here state that Elder Dorius and his partner, the former guide of us both, proceeded to Drammen.

It will here be necessary to introduce a few explanatory remarks about the peculiar situation of the mission in Norway, and the difficulties that the brethren had to contend with in those days. The Norwegian Constitution granted "religious toleration to all Christian dissenters." Under this provision all the various sects would be protected by the law of the land; but when our Elders began preaching the true Gospel of Christ, some of the clergy, finding no better way to fight the truth, caused some of our brethren to be arrested for unlawfully preaching and performing religious rites, under the pretext that Mormonism was not a Christian religion, because it was said to be founded on a new revelation to Joseph Smith.

The result was that eight brethren

were arrested and sentenced to fines; but as our Elders appealed from this decision of the lower courts, it was made a test case and carried to the supreme court for a final decision.

It was while this case was pending that the brethren were released, after several months' confinement, and had returned to Denmark, and others were sent out, and counseled to work very carefully until the supreme court had passed its decision, which was then hoped would be in favor of our cause.

At the time when I arrived in Christiania the decision of the court had not yet been given, but was looked for at any time, and this was no doubt the reason that Elder Petersen entertained so much anxiety about the prospects in the capital.

It now became my duty to deliver my passport to the police authorities, as that was obligatory on any stranger in those days. I carried my passport, my Elders' certificate and my missionary appointment and such papers in one parcel. Thus it happened when I delivered my passport to the officer, my certificate as an Elder and as a missionary was enclosed within, and when I discovered the blunder that I made, and went back and asked for it, I was simply informed that I could not get it till the chief had been made acquainted with this new discovery, as I had represented myself as a journeyman painter. This accident naturally added to our gloom, for now we knew that the police would watch our every move. We had found a new and cheaper lodging place with a private family that had a few other boarders. The same evening after we had moved in there a policeman brought notice that we—Brother Petersen and I—should appear in the police court next day at 10 a.m.

We appeared at the time appointed, and were abruptly interrogated by that high official, and finally told that his officers would hereafter watch us very closely, and that we would be dealt with very rigorously after having had such a warning. I asked the gentleman very politely, if I was permitted to walk in the streets, and he said, "Yes, but you must not transgress the laws." From the accident I made in giving in my passport some good resulted in my favor, for as I afterwards learned, that delivering my church-papers along with my passport, was construed as an act of extreme honesty on my part.

We had just reached our lodgings, when a policeman again appeared and notified us to meet at police head-quarter that same afternoon. We were much puzzled about the cause of this new summons, for we had certainly not yet had time to commit any transgression of the law, as we had only walked the streets from the police-station to our lodgings, but we had not much hope of any good news from that source. At the appointed time we appeared, and were ushered into the presence of his highness. He appeared stern but yet less severe in his expressions, and said that since our departure in the forenoon the decision of the supreme court had reached him, and it was altogether unfavorable to our religion, as we were not to be considered as "Christian dissenters," and therefore not entitled to enjoy the liberties and protection under the constitution which we had hoped for, and he therefore enjoined upon us to abstain from any further attempt to proselyte in the capital or anywhere else; "For," said he, "I am now bound to prosecute you, if you do, after such a well-meaning warning."

We thanked him and departed. My

papers had previously been returned to me, and under these circumstances we deemed it still more necessary to work cautiously. I was sent out in the country with Brother Olsen, but could seemingly make but very little impression on the people. My Danish dialect was not well understood among the country people, and I returned shortly after to Christiania in rather a gloomy mood over the apparently dark prospect for our mission.

Elder Petersen had, however, not been idle, but stealthily labored among some workmen in an iron foundry establishment, and one had been baptized, and a few more were believing the first principles of the Gospel. But these people were extremely poor, and we could therefore not expect or venture to obtain any material help from them in the shape of food or money. We, therefore, had to make our limited means reach as far as possible, and as we had bargained for a certain amount for our lodgings and so many pieces of bread for breakfast, we had to go without many a meal, that nature had a right to demand. I occasionally would buy my supper for two cents in the open market-place with the coffee women, one cent for the coffee and one for a rye cake. In this way my small amount of cash held out pretty well. We had found a secluded spot in a grove, a little outside of the city, and there almost daily sought strength to endure, by prayer to our Heavenly Father.

We had made several attempts to obtain a suitable place to hold public meetings, but all in vain. In this I recognized the overruling hand of God, for if we had succeeded at that time we would have collided with the authorities at once, and the strong arm of the

law would no doubt for a time have hindered us from further progress. But we found opportunities to hold small conversation meetings in the homes of the before-mentioned workmen, and in our lodgings, and the results proved a success for the work of God, as I may be able to show hereafter. Among those early converts were the late P. O. Thomassen, and the parents of our well-known violinist, Willard Weihe, of Salt Lake City.

On the 8th of December I had the honor of organizing a branch of Saints, numbering nine adult members. I ordained one of their number, Carl Fjeld, to the office of a priest, to preside over the rest.

Elder C. Petersen was not present on that occasion, as he had been called away about a week before to take a company of Norwegian emigrants to Denmark; but it was he that opened the mission there, and I had only the honor of being his assistant, and as such did all in my power to be of use to the work of God.

After organizing the members into a branch, I gave some instructions on the general duties of the Saints, and prophesied that this would be the nucleus of a flourishing branch and a greater work than we had any idea of. This came to pass in every particular, as thousands have heard and embraced the Gospel in that city since, though I was myself astonished at my own utterings on that occasion, and almost in doubt about their fulfillment; but it was not I that spake, but the spirit of prophecy within me. I deemed it wisdom to withdraw from the immediate presence of the police, and therefore very early next morning took leave of the Saints and started on foot for Frederikstad, a distance of about sixty-

five miles. I reached that branch after a three days' toilsome journey, and was hailed and welcomed by the Saints in such a manner that I soon forgot my past trials and inconveniences, and therefore enjoyed their hospitality the remaining days of that remarkable year, 1853.

C. C. A. Christensen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BETTY WATSON'S COW.

POOR old Betty Watson's only companion was her cow. Daisy was not a thoroughbred animal by any means, and she had seen her best days, as Betty had also seen her's, and the fancy breeder of stock would have turned up his nose at her, and the butcher wouldn't have looked at her, but Betty loved her because the milk she gave formed the poor woman's principal revenue and because she had nothing else to love.

And the old cow knew her mistress and came at her call, and was grateful for the little extra feeds of apple and potato parings, and the few succulent cabbage leaves from the small garden which fell to her share in the fall when Betty indulged in one of her economical boiled "dinners." Betty had no pasture for her cow, and during Deacon Simpson's life he allowed Daisy to run with his herd, but when the old man died and his son came into his inheritance things were changed, and Daisy lost her privileged place in the green pasture. And Betty had no money to spare to pay for the animal's pasturing, so she tied her by the side of the highway with a long rope attached to a stake, and by changing her feeding place Betty managed that her cow picked up a very comfortable living

without expense to anybody. But Daisy was in some way a nuisance to the neighborhood, since she would sometimes get loose and forage for herself; and there were some timid women and children who were afraid to pass her, and sometimes she crossed the road and people who were riding had to alight and drive her back to avoid running their wheels over her rope.

Still everybody in the friendly country neighborhood bore with Betty, because it was well known how poor she was and the older people had not forgotten that her only son, a brave and noble young fellow, had given up his life on the bloody field of Gettysburg, and because of some wretched red tape technicality his mother had as yet been unable to receive the pension which belonged to her. Betty lived in a small house which was her own, and she knit mittens and stockings for the neighboring farmers, and managed by the strictest economy to keep body and soul together without calling for charity.

One fine summer day, Daisy, tempted no doubt by the smell of luscious red clover in the meadow of Squire Burns broke her rope and climbed over the low stone wall into the grassy enclosure. She was having a glorious feast all by herself when a half-dozen school boys came along, and as boys will, they began throwing stones at her. Why boys so like to throw stones at all kinds of animals is a problem which has never yet been satisfactorily solved.

The cow was frightened and ran, and the boys pursued her, laughing, shouting and throwing sticks and stones as they went.

"I say, Jim!" said George Green, the largest boy of the crowd, "wouldn't it be fine fun to drive the old cow over into Blake's swamp where Betty

couldn't find her. She'd never think to look there, and she'd tear 'round dreadful! You know she's dead in love with that cow! She's just married to it! I say, boys, let's do it!"

"All right," said Jim Perry, "come on! There, Dan, you head her off and keep her from jumping into that ditch! It's miry, and Mr. Jerry had a horse fall in there and die once! Head her off, there, I say!" Dan Perry was a short-legged little fellow and he couldn't run very fast. He caught his toe in a blackberry vine and fell, and Daisy got ahead of him, and though the other boys made superhuman efforts to turn the cow the other way, she had got too great a start on them, and with a wild bellow she essayed to leap the ditch and failed. There was a loud splash, a terrified roar, and the poor creature sank down out of sight, all but her poor, pitiful head, which she managed to keep above water for a few moments, and if ever eyes were full of reproach for unprovoked cruelty, then poor Daisy's were.

The five boys stood around in silent dismay. They knew that nothing they could do would save Daisy, and as they saw the dumb, pathetic face of the poor suffering beast lifted up to the green earth she had loved so well in her small way, they would have given all their marbles, kites and sleds to put the old cow on terra firma once more.

And right in the midst of their distress Betty Watson, bareheaded and out of breath, came running across the meadow.

"Boys," she said, "have you seen anything of my Daisy? Squire Jones just went by and said she had got loose. I watched her all the afternoon, but Miss Perry came over to git me to help her tomorrow with her straw-

berry sass, and I lost sight of her for a little while. Strange where she's gone—she—good gracious! Is that Daisy? Is that my—Daisy?" she cried in a tone of distress so poignant that the dying animal heard her and uttered a faint responsive cry—and made a last effort to raise herself from the fatal mire that was dragging her down, and then helpless and overcome she settled back, her head disappeared, and only a few bubbles on the surface of the water told where she lay.

Poor old Betty stood on the bank of the black pool and wrung her long hands, while tears ran slowly down her withered cheeks.

"She was only a cow!" said Betty in a sort of apologetic tone to the boys—"and you boys that has got mothers and folks to love you and keep you company and be glad to see you when you get home, think it strange that anybody can set such store by a dumb critter. But she was all the company I had, and I used to look forward to milkin' time as pleased as could be, because Daisy was glad to see me; and I liked to hear her steppin' round in the shed in the long, lonesome evenings when I sat knittin' and thinkin' about my poor Charley away out there in his unknown grave. O Daisy, Daisy! what shall I do without you?" and the old woman threw her patched apron over her head, and cried like a child. Pretty soon she made an effort and recovered herself.

"I thank you, boys," she said simply, "for tryin' to save Daisy from gettin' into the ditch. It was real good in you, and I shall allus like you for it. Some boys will chase dumb critters, and torture 'em, but the right kind of boys never do. And I am sure your mothers has brought you up right and

taught you not to harm poor, helpless things that ain't got no reason to know how to take care of themselves but has got just as much feeling as the rest of us."

The boys stood still and looked at each other. Their cheeks crimsoned with shame, and their tongues for once were silent. One by one they slunk away and left the poor old woman standing alone by the dark water which had swallowed up her true companion and friend.

Behind the evergreen hedge which skirted the spacious grounds of George Green's father's home they halted, and waited until all had come together. George Green stood with downcast eyes digging his toe into the sand. Jim Perry who had bragged to his companion a thousand times that nothing could ever make him cry like a silly girl, slyly flipped a drop of moisture from his eye with the sleeve of his jacket. "I say, boys," said George Green straightening himself up, "it was a mean, dishonorable thing to do, and I am ashamed of it. What if it was nothing but a cow? She loved it, and it seemed different to her. I'm sure if anyone should hurt my Bruno, I should want to—to hit him so's he wouldn't forget it! And Betty always gave us all the sweet apples we wanted! And that tree of hers bears the best apples in town!"

"Yes," said Jim Perry, "you're right, George. it was a mean thing, though of course we did not know the cow was going to get in the ditch, but at the same time we had no business to meddle with her. Can't get round that!"

"Well," said Tom Layton, "I, for one, think we ought to buy another cow."

"I shall speak to my father about it,"

said George Green, who was the son of a rich man, "and he will give her a cow I have no doubt."

"Perhaps he will, said Jim Perry, "but we wouldn't be buying it. We have done wrong and we ought to pay for it ourselves. I haven't got much money, but I saved five dollars last winter out of the money I earned shoveling snow off the sidewalks, and I was going to spend it in one of those camera outfits. But I can do without that, and I'll give five dollars toward a cow."

"And I earned fifteen dollars sawing wood and splitting kindlings and weeding the garden after school hours for Squire Jones," said Tom Layton, "put me down for that."

"I have got twenty-five cents," said little Daniel Smith, that a man gave me for holding his horse last week. I was going to buy a top, but I guess I can spin my old one for a while longer. I'll give the twenty-five cents."

"Father gave me twenty dollars yesterday," said George Green, "and mother gave me five dollars to buy a new saddle for my pony, but I will ride the old saddle this year. You can count me in for twenty-five dollars."

"And I'll give the five dollar gold piece Aunt Baker sent me at Christmas," said Dave Perry, "and we'll buy the cow right off and drive her up to Betty's shed, and maybe after a while she'll love her just as well as she did Daisy."

"Let's see," said George Green, "that will make fifty dollars, and that ought to get a first-rate cow."

And twenty-five cents," broke in little Daniel Smith, "fifty dollars and twenty-five cents will buy the boss cow."

"Shall—er—shall we have to tell just how it was?" asked Jim Perry.

"I think we ought to do so," said George Green, "and we will. We did a mean thing, and telling it will be a lesson to us. I shall tell my mother as soon as I get home."

"And I, and I, and I!" said the other boys.

Mr. Green bought the cow, a gentle, pretty, dark-eyed Jersey, and he added ten dollars to the boys' fund in making the purchase, though they did not know it.

And the five boys who had caused Daisy's death led the beautiful new purchase up the hill at sunset to Betty's poor little home. They found the old woman sitting on the sill of the empty cow stall in the shed.

There were tears in her poor, old faded eyes as she looked up when Tom Layton spoke to her.

"I was just tryin' to make believe that I heard Daisy moo outside the door," she said sadly. She always moomed to let me know she was ready to be milked."

"Daisy hasn't come," said Tom, with sparkling eyes, "but here's one of the best cows in Judge Dawson's herd come instead. And it's yours! We boys wanted a little fun and we chased your Daisy and frightened her, and she fell in the ditch. And we were going to hide her in the moss just to plague you! We didn't mean to hurt her! And we're all sorry as sorry can be, and we hope you'll forgive us! And we've brought this cow for you, and perhaps after a while she'll tramp round in the shed nights and keep you company just as Daisy did. And George Green's father says he will pasture her for nothing just as long as she lives. And she's got an awful long pedigree and a

record of ever so many pounds of butter a week."

And by this time Betty's wrinkled hand was on the pretty creature's glossy neck, and Betty was crying softly and the boys slipped away, and the new cow was tied to poor Daisy's stanchion, and Betty brought out the little pan of apple parings which that morning she had set aside with a sigh at the thought that there was no Daisy to eat them, and gave them to the new cow. And as the old woman watched her eat them up and look around with wistful eyes for more, she put her old gray head down on the creature's neck and said to herself, as she tried to subdue the choking in her throat, "I shall love you, you pretty critter, and you'll be lots of company, but you'll never seem quite so much like my own folks as Daisy did!"

Selected.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Freedom's Noisy Birthday.

HAVING been baptized if not actually born in exploding gunpowder, it is perhaps not strange that the American nation should conceive it proper to continue the observance of the birthday of independence in the noisy way with which we have come to regard the Fourth of July. That great anniversary would hardly seem like itself unless there were bursting bombs, torpedoes and fire works with which to illuminate its passage; and those particular articles would be false to all precedent and expectation if, when in the hands of the small boy, they failed to carry off a few fingers, scorch a few faces, and endanger a few pairs of eyes.

Yet the Fourth of July is a noble holiday, and it keeps fresh in our minds

the great dawn of the day of liberty. In some way or other I think the lesson and object of that glorious struggle should be kept vividly before the youth. Sometimes this can best be done by contrasting the conditions and spirit of the present with those that prevailed in 1776, when the Declaration of Independence roused the colonies and sent a thrill throughout the world. It is never improper to celebrate the day in reading that great document; in orations that are candid and patriotic enough to warn of impending dangers while congratulating on past successes; in processions and pageantry that shall illustrate the customs and costumes as well as symbolize the significance of "the day we celebrate." All this is proper and instructive; and for one, I rejoice in the thought that in this land of the free there is a continued disposition to observe this holiday by forgetting for the time dull care and acting as though—no matter what the present ills and grievances may be—the nation and its principles are still all right, and the heritage of human rights, assailed and imperilled though it may have been, is still a thing to be regarded with pleasure and defended with true devotion.

But, as this paper has once before declared, "patriotism is not barbarism." The demon of noise is not something which we need, even allegorically, to pay homage to. Of course one of the early patriots predicted that this day (he was writing about the Fourth of July) would continue to be celebrated in clanging bell-ringing, sounding brass, blazing bonfires, the roar of artillery and musketry, and all that sort of thing. But perhaps he did not consider the cost of the modern observance of such a program—a cost, too, that is without excuse or justification because no prin-

ciple is at stake. Furthermore, he may have taken a too-narrow view of the tremendous doctrine of human rights: he may have deemed that in what I deemed the observance of *my* rights I would be justified in annoying, injuring and trampling upon *your* rights both personal and property.

Herein has been a great mistake, as I consider it, in the understanding of the term human liberty. It is too often confounded with license to do injury. Applying the remedy to the case in question, I beg to say that no proper conception of the spirit of 1776 authorizes one boy to set fire to another boy's clothing or hair; excuses the destruction of valuable property by the careless use of matches, torches or gunpowder; atones for the loss of a few dozen thumbs or eyes (as is the case each Fourth of July); or in any way justifies the annual sacrifice of blood and burnt offerings with which the day is marked. I do not think it will even justify the wild and diabolical assault on the nerves of timid people, with which the day opens, continues and closes—so much so that in their prayers thousands of thoroughly good people are moved to express gratitude that the day has passed and that it will not come again for a year.

In all seriousness I argue for a better way of celebrating the birthday of freedom than in surrendering to the despotism of aimless, deafening, barbarous noise, and of cruel, deceptive and deadly fire. The current custom is wasteful and savage. Millions in money and thousands in lives have marked its progress from first to last. Surely it is time it went the way of other barbarities and that progress and civilization had a chance.

The Editor.

LESSONS OF CHURCH HISTORY.

THERE is a two-fold object to be gained by the study of history. First, an acquaintance with what has taken place in the past—during the periods and in the countries of which history treats. Curiosity to know the events and happenings of by-gone ages naturally awakens our interest in the history of these events.

But the chief object sought in the perusal of the records of the past should be to acquire the lessons which these records contain. All true history presents valuable lessons to those who will seek for them.

The object the Lord had in view in inspiring men anciently to keep a record of events was that those who came after them might profit by the experiences they recorded. For this purpose the Bible and the Book of Mormon have been preserved by an over-ruling Providence that those who read these sacred works might be taught valuable lessons therefrom.

The history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from the time of its establishment up to the present is fraught with especially valuable lessons, particularly for the young; and in studying its interesting pages we should seek to profit by the many practical lessons it teaches.

It is not the present intention to attempt to point out the numerous lessons that can be found in the history of our church. It will be sufficient for the present to call attention to a few of the most important ones. Each individual can continue the search for himself as he peruses the history of the Church; and indeed he can find new lessons from time to time in his own experience as a member of the Church, and in the events that transpire in connection with

the experience of the Saints during his own career.

One very important lesson that is illustrated over and over in the history of the Latter-day Saints is that of obedience. Simple as this lesson may appear to us it is one of the most difficult ones for people to practice, hence the necessity of its importance being impressed upon the Saints so often. Naturally, it seems mankind are inclined to be disobedient and rebellious. No matter how weak one's will power may be, there are but few persons who do not possess a desire to have their own way, and to render obedience according to their own notions or desires. Not so was it with the Prophet Joseph Smith. To his credit it can be said that he throughout his life manifested a disposition to obey most implicitly the commandments and instructions he received from the Lord. The secret of his being the chosen instrument of the Lord for performing the mission placed upon him no doubt lay in his willingness to obey instruction and in his humility—for obedience and humility ever go hand in hand. After the Prophet received his first vision he manifested this spirit of obedience by following the instructions he then received. Although he had beheld God the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, and had been told by them that none of the churches then in existence upon the earth were right, and that he should in due time be the means of establishing the true Gospel upon the earth, he did not go to work and set up a church without waiting until the Lord's time had arrived. In the meantime he obeyed the instructions of the angel who visited him annually for four years in succession before permitting him to take charge of the sacred plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated.

It is true that when Martin Harris was writing for the Prophet as he translated, Joseph was persuaded to let Martin have some of the writings to show to his friends. When Joseph inquired of the Lord in regard to letting the writings be shown he was instructed not to permit them to be taken, but through the constant importunities of Martin Harris the Lord permitted the Prophet to give consent. The result was the manuscripts were lost or stolen. This circumstance was a solemn lesson to Joseph. In fact the Lord permitted him to let Martin Harris show the manuscript for the purpose of teaching them both a lesson and reproving them for their persistent wilfulness.

This incident in the life of the Prophet should also be a useful lesson to us, for we are often inclined to ask for things the Lord has already manifested to us are not for our good.

Another lesson forcibly impressed upon the student of Church history is the danger there is in fault-finding and criticising the servants of the Lord who are placed in responsible positions. This can be realized from the account of the travels of Zion's Camp from Kirtland to Missouri, when a number of the brethren were attacked with the cholera in consequence of fault-finding among them. It was through this cause so many apostatized in Kirtland; and later it was because men who professed to be friends of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum criticised their actions when they sought to flee from Nauvoo and come to these mountains, to escape the fury of their enemies, that they concluded to return and give themselves up to the mob. You will remember that the persecution of the Prophet became so bitter in Nauvoo

that his life was not safe and he and his brother Hyrum crossed the Mississippi River into Iowa preparatory to leaving for a season, until the mob spirit then raging should subside somewhat. In doing this people accused the Prophet of cowardice, and to show that he cared not for his own life he returned and went as a "lamb to the slaughter," as he expressed it.

We find that from time to time up to the very present the actions of the Church authorities have been criticised, yet invariably the results of those acts have shown them to have been in the right and their accusers to be wrong; and one thing to be grateful for is that throughout the history of this people the authorities of the Church have never proposed nor sanctioned a single act that has in any way brought disgrace upon the cause, but on the other hand, in the midst of the most trying ordeals the Church has passed through, they have invariably been inspired to take the wisest course. The fact that their ways were God's ways—being inspired by Him—and were not like man's ways is what has caused men, reasoning from a human standpoint, to criticise them. This fact apparent throughout the whole history of this Church confirms very strongly one's testimony that the Lord is with this people and leads them by inspiration given to their leaders.

One more important lesson to be learned from Church history is the fact that the Lord helps those who help themselves, or in other words imparts to those who seek. This, too, is illustrated very plainly in the history of the Prophet Joseph. Although he received many revelations for the guidance of the Church, and restored many principles to the earth, he received

none of them only by seeking and inquiring for knowledge. For example, the Lord informed Joseph that He would reveal to him the Gospel in its fullness, yet He did not even tell him that baptism by proper authority was necessary until he inquired respecting it. We might suppose that the Lord would reveal the whole plan of salvation to the Prophet at once and tell him to go ahead and organize His Church upon the earth. But it was not so. Only one thing at a time was revealed, and when that one thing was understood and put into operation another principle was revealed. It might even be said that some principles were only partially revealed before the Prophet commenced to put them into operation. As for instance the principle of baptism for the dead. It appears that at first it was only made known to him that such a practice was acceptable unto the Lord, and the people, so glad to hear so glorious a doctrine, at once went to the river to be baptized for their dead relatives. It was subsequently made known that such baptisms should be attended to in temples.

By perusing the history of the Church one can obtain abundant testimony to strengthen his own regarding this being the work of God. In truth the strongest external evidence that the Gospel revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith is the truth lies in the history of its progress since it was revealed. The fact that the Church has been assailed so many times, and threatened with utter destruction so often, and yet survives and thrives, goes to prove that it is founded upon revealed truth. The one principle taught by the Prophet—that of gathering—furnishes a very strong proof that he was not an impostor, for if he was he would not dare

to advocate such a doctrine, as it would be impossible to persuade people to leave their homes and forsake all they held dear on earth for the purpose of uniting with an unpopular religious body, that gave them no promise of pecuniary reward, unless they were inspired of the Lord with a desire to gather.

E. F. P.

INCIDENT OF MISSIONARY LABOR.

LATE in the fall of 1867 I was laboring as a missionary in my native country. Being only eighteen years of age, and having no experience in this great world, I had much to learn: not only the Gospel, which I was sent to proclaim, but the customs and manners of the people as well.

I was appointed to labor with the presiding Elder of the district, an experienced missionary, who had a great deal of regard for his own welfare. After traveling some months among the branches of the Church, the president and myself took a new field of labor. He was to take one side of the road and I the other, and to go from house to house; and when evening came we were to try and find each other. So we parted. The weather was nice overhead, but the traveling was very difficult at places, as the wind had drifted the snow very high, and small houses were nearly covered by it.

My first day's labor was attended with but little success. Every one seemed to be opposed to receiving the Gospel; so when darkness came I found myself alone on the road. I did not see my partner during the whole day. I found no place for shelter that night, so I made my bed in the snow. The next day went like the first, and the third day the same. I

had nothing to eat, as no one seemed willing to entertain me.

On the night of the third day as I was wandering in the dark I saw a light in the distance. Towards it I went to see if I could not get shelter for the night. When I came to the house it was a miserable-looking place. But I thought, if I could only get inside for the night I would be very thankful.

I knocked at the door of the house and was invited to come in. On entering I found an old lady sitting on a chair, busily spinning. Her face was anything but handsome. She reminded me of old witches that I so often had read about in my school days, and I almost trembled at the very thought of asking her for the privilege of remaining in her house for the night; but I dreaded to lie on the snow another night. So I took courage and asked her. She at first refused. I told her that I was a messenger with the everlasting Gospel, and was sent like the apostles of old, without purse or scrip, and if I only could sit in one of her chairs I would be very thankful. At last she gave me the privilege of staying. She did not leave her labor, but went on spinning. I seated myself on a chair and began to speak to her of the Gospel, telling her that God had again raised up prophets and apostles as in days of old.

The old lady exclaimed, "Young man, I don't want any of your preaching. I have no time to listen. I am a poor woman and have to work all day, and if you stop me from my work I shall not get it done by nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

I told her that she should lose nothing because of me, but on the other hand should be blessed.

At ten o'clock she stopped her work

and went to another room of the house. I then moved my chair to the distaff and began to spin. After awhile the old lady returned, and with surprise she said, "What! can you spin?"

I told her I could, so she went back again, and after a few minutes she returned with a part of her bed clothing, saying, "I have nothing to give you to eat, but I will make a bed for you, so you can rest your body."

I thanked her very much for her kindness, but I dreaded the thought of going to bed, for surely I thought she was a bad woman; but I trusted in God that He would protect me from harm. After my bed was made on the top of three chairs I asked permission to kneel down in prayer, which was granted me. She then went to the other room, and I retired on the chairs.

I slept but little. The wind was blowing fiercely, and the snow was drifting high. When daylight came my bed was covered with snow, which had come through the cracks of the house; but I felt thankful to God that I had been sheltered from the storm that night. I arose early and at once went to spinning the yarn, while the old lady was taking away my bed and making fire. She was trying to get some breakfast, but all she had was a small piece of black, rye bread and some black coffee. She shared it with me willingly. This scanty meal was all I had had for three days, so my readers can understand how I felt, but yet I was happy, and thankful to my Heavenly Father and felt that I had not been forsaken.

About nine o'clock I bade my old lady good-morning. Her yarn was finished in time for her delivery, so she lost nothing by me. I asked God to bless her for what she had done for me.

My partner seemed to be lost, for I

had not seen him since we parted, and I wondered how he was getting along. As it was getting close to the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, I entered a small village. Here I thought I should get something to eat; but no; there was no one who had anything to spare for a Mormon Elder, neither did I find any who would listen to the Gospel. After calling at every house, I at the last house saw the family sitting at the table, eating. My hunger was very intense at this time. I pleaded with the man to let me have something to eat, but he refused. I offered him money, which he refused also. He was determined not to give nor sell to a Mormon. I told him that I had been without food for three and a half days, but it did not move him. As I was speaking, a thought came to me like this: if he, the man of the house, refused me the third time, the first spoonful he took to his mouth would choke him. Well, he did refuse me, but no sooner had he done so than he raised the spoon to his mouth and began to choke. I left him, asking God to remember him. After leaving the house, I could hear him coughing, or groaning, but what became of him I do not know.

I went again from house to house, but no soul would listen to the warning voice or give me anything to eat. It was getting towards evening and I saw no prospect for a lodging place, so I went a short distance on the road and there saw a man standing still, as if he was looking for something. When I came nearer the spot I found it to be my lost partner and president of the district.

"Hello!" said he. "Where have you been?"

I then gave him my report since we parted.

He laughed, saying, "O, I have lost nothing. I have had all I wanted to eat and the best of sleeping places."

I congratulated him upon his good luck. Well, here we stood; it was getting dark and I knew of no place to go.

"Well," said my partner, "I am not going to sleep out-doors tonight. Come, we will cross the line and go into another district where there are some Saints."

So off we started, and when we came to the place it was after nine o'clock. We found there was light in the house.

The sister living there was pleased to see us, and after some talk she asked, "Do you want anything to eat?"

My partner answered, "No, thanks; we have had plenty." So after prayer we retired for the night. We were assigned to separate rooms. When I had laid myself on my bed I began crying and saying to myself, "O, what a man my partner and president is! He knew that I have had scarcely anything to eat for four days, and then to say we had plenty! I prayed to the Lord for something to eat, as my hunger was very great. After I had prayed a noise was heard in one of the rooms, a door was opened, and the sister of the house came with a candlestick in her hand and just passed my bed. As she was passing I said, "Sister, have you not a piece of dry bread for me, for I am very hungry; I have had but one scanty meal in four days." Whereupon she exclaimed, "You hungry! Did I not ask Brother — if you wanted anything to eat, and he said that neither of you were hungry?" I told her that he had had plenty, but I had had nothing; so she went and got me something to eat, and then went back to her room. When morning came I was served with coffee and cake on my bed, while my partner got nothing;

and at our breakfast the good sister made a distinction in the preparation of the food. At one end of the table she spread a white tablecloth, and placed on it the very best of food she had in the house, while at the other end everything very simple.

My partner was walking up and down the room, wondering at the peculiar way the table was arranged. He said to me, "Well, I am the president and shall sit at this end where all the nice things are, and you at the other end."

Our sister just then entered the room. Prayer was offered up, after which the lady said to me, "Please take your seat here," pointing to where the good things were, "and you, Brother —, at this end," where all the simple food was.

The president looked with astonishment upon our sister. She requested me to ask a blessing upon the food, after which she turned to Brother —, who seemed to have lost all his appetite for breakfast, saying, "If you are not satisfied with your meal you can just let it alone."

He did not eat any, but became angry. As I was hungry, it took some time before I was ready to leave the house, but as soon as I had finished eating he left the house like a madman. I thanked the sister for her kindness to me, asking God to bless her and hers.

When we came out on the road he began to speak to me, using very unbecoming words. When he got through I told him the reason why our good sister had acted that way: because he told her when asked if we needed anything to eat that we had had plenty.

After awhile he began to see his wrong, and asked my forgiveness. I forgave him, but I always remembered it; and when I was again called to go back to my native country as a mis-

sionary, and when acting as a presiding Elder, I was careful to remember those who were placed under me, that they should not suffer like I did.

I have learned that it is best to be humble and meek, and not to feel that there is none like unto ourselves. My president some time afterwards married a good woman, emigrated to Zion, but by the time he reached Ogden his love for Mormonism had left him. The spirit of fault-finding had taken possession of him, and at last he left the church.

H. F. F. Thorup.

DOLPH'S DAY OF INDEPENDENCE.

"I CAN'T listen to it, my boy; I've seen too serious events resulting from such things, and I can't risk being burnt out of house and home for the sake of indulging you in a pastime. There's room enough on the ground for your celebration, and your fireworks will go off as well from the gate-post as the roof."

"I can't see any risk, myself," muttered Dolph, impatiently. "It's just to stand in the observatory and fire our kit from the railing. Of course we would expect to look out for the burnt ends and pieces, and as for sparks, they're bound to come down anywhere, ground or roof."

"It's not an easy matter to keep track of burnt ends and pieces, Dolph," said his mother. "If it were simply a bunch or two of small firecrackers, it might not matter so much, but with rockets and Roman candles and heavy cannon crackers, it would be a dangerous experiment to explode them on the roof. The shingles are dry enough to burn like tinder."

"Oh, pshaw!" grumbled Dolph, "there ain't a bit of danger."

"We won't take the trouble to dis-

cuss the matter any further," said his father, decisively.

Dolph stopped talking. He knew the final word was spoken, and had learned from past experience not to continue argument when it was once uttered. But his heart was sore with disappointment, and it was a struggle to keep back either the hasty words or the tears, which, despite the pride of his fourteen summers, forced themselves to his eyes. He left the table very quickly after this, and went upstairs to his room, feeling that life had suddenly become an upside down affair, and little worth living. If one could only have one's way! But there was always someone else's will to consult in everything, and there was no more counting on a pet plan than the weather. It was a specially sore disappointment this last. He and "the boys," a crowd of five who had chummed together the past year, had been saving their dimes and nickels during a month at least for a proper celebration of the "Fourth," and the result was that ten shining silver dollars had that morning been exchanged for a bundle of fireworks large enough to furnish royal entertainment for the entire neighborhood, if not community. During the weeks in which their plan had been maturing, in ten cent installments, an anxious subject of discussion had been the selection of a fitting place for the coming display.

"There's only one place that can be called the right place," said Sam Keates one day after a lengthy confab held by "the crowd." Sam was the acknowledged leader, and his remarks were regarded as distinctly oracular, hence all listened with attention.

"The only place to do credit to our money's worth of fireworks is Dolph's observatory," said the leader, and the

suggestion was at once adopted as final. "Dolph's observatory," however, was possessive only in relation to Sam's, syntax, as the place of eminence referred to was literally a part of Dolph's parental roof, and under the express jurisdiction of his father's inclination and will. Hence had resulted the overthrow of their ambition. His father's fiat had, in fact, defeated half the glory of their undertaking. The observatory was the one imposing eminence where they could not only see but be seen personally to absolute advantage, and it was the secret of each boy in the crowd that the community was to be electrically dazzled by the princely benefit resulting from an expenditure of their combined personal capital. The chief vantage place of the village being denied them, the enterprise had been robbed of at least half its chance for brilliant success.

Dolph was brooding dismally on the prospect of breaking the news to the boys, when his mother's voice summoned him down stairs. She met him in the hall with a smile.

"Don't look so down-hearted, son; I guess we've planned something that will make up for the disappointment about your fireworks. Father has decided to take us all out to Parke's Grove tomorrow to spend the day. You know the people over there are going to hold a great celebration at the Grove and intend to finish up the day with a grand display of fireworks in the evening. Sam Keates' people have decided to go and take their boys, so you will have your favorite company and spend a good holiday with them, and can save your own fireworks till the Twenty-fourth.

Dolph's face lit up for a moment at the proposition and then as suddenly

fell. There was a second project on foot tomorrow with "the crowd," with which the proposed picnic would most naturally interfere. It was their most zealously cherished secret, and the Fourth was the day long yearned for as the determined time of fulfillment of their darling scheme. To explain in a word, they had been busy for weeks past in building a raft with which to make a voyage to the island in the lake, whose waters were in the hills distant some four or five miles away. That the scheme was secret was owing to the fact that several casualties which had happened at the spot had made occasion for the village people to strenuously warn their boys from venturing either in or upon its waters unless accompanied by older people. Andy Prout, the man who lived in the little cottage near the lake, was the only one who could furnish boats, and he had been strictly advised upon no account whatever to give his boats into the care of young people, so that there was no chance of accomplishing their cherished plan save by building a raft or boat. They had undertaken the former work as being rather easier of execution, and had succeeded in putting together a structure with which they promised themselves to complete a successful voyage to the island—a small strip rising out of the lake a mile or more from shore.

They had excused the scheme to their consciences on the score that the parental interdiction in regard to "riding" on the lake had applied only to boats; but they were, however, careful not to risk the event of a more strict definition coming to their knowledge by a revelation beforehand of their plans.

A glorious day's sport they had had in contemplation, what with the fire-

works and the voyage, and now all had been utterly wiped out by these unforeseen disappointments. It was very bitter to Dolph, and it was with no gracious air that he received the news of this latest interference.

"I suppose I'll go if the other boys will," he said, sulkily.

"Oh, there is no fear of any of you staying home, I guess," his mother said, with a laugh. "Where one goes the flock will follow."

Dolph took his hat and went out. Here was a double thunderbolt to surprise the boys with, and he wanted to have it over.

He found them all at Sam Keates', Sam's orchard being a rendezvous apt to be constantly habited in times of important interest like the present. Dolph's news was received with tragical assertions of rebellion.

"Of course," said Sam Keates, "the fireworks business is hopeless, because we haven't any way of going against it. But as far as the picnic's concerned, I propose to follow my own pleasure. We're about old enough now, I fancy, to govern ourselves. I've been in leading strings long enough myself. Older people don't always have the best judgment, and if we take our own counsel once, and come out all right, it will teach the folks, better than any argument, to put a little trust in us in future. Tomorrow's the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of our country, and I move we make it the date of the declaration of our independence, too; and henceforth decide to do as we please."

Sam was sure to be applauded in almost anything he said, and this special burst of oratory was met by a "Yip. yip and hurrah!" from the other boys.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT A GALLANT ACT DOES.

ONE gallant act often restrains soldiers, when, panic-stricken, they are on the eve of a flight. At the second assault on Port Hudson, the Fourth Massachusetts were ordered to lie down on a side hill.

They were so near the enemy that a man who exposed himself by raising head or limb was instantly hit by some sharp-shooter. The men were nervous, for they could do nothing but lie there, and every now and then some soldier was shot.

Suddenly, a regiment, which had been ordered to the front, broke and ran. In their flight they rushed pell-mell over the prostrate bodies of the Fourth, communicating to them their own panic-stricken feelings.

Almost every man started to his feet and in a moment would have followed the fleeing regiment.

"The first man," cried an orderly sergeant of the rear company, drawing his sword, and stepping a pace backwards, "the first man who runs I'll cut down!"

The panic was stayed before it had time to develop itself, and the regiment again lay down.

At the battle of Chickamauga, one of General Steedman's brigades broke and began to retire from the line, the color-bearer leading the way. Galloping before the retiring soldiers, the general snatched the flag from the bearer. Waving it above his head, he called out,

"Run away, boys; run away like cowards; but the flag can't go with you!"

The roar of battle prevented the whole brigade from hearing the words of their commander, but all saw the gallant action, and in a moment they were charging the enemy.

C. F.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

AN EVIL SHRINKAGE.

AS a rule figures are not very interesting reading; but when carefully collected in the form of statistics, and set down intelligently and in such a way as "not to lie," they are sometimes really luminous in the lessons and thoughts that they convey.

We are reminded of this by the receipt of a late document published under competent authority and dealing with "comparative statement of the marriages and deaths in various parts of Europe and America." Without going into a detailed examination of the figures given, we come at once to the startling fact that in almost every country referred to, there has been a most emphatic falling-off in the number of marriages and of children born. America in general is no better than the Old World in the respects noted, while some portions, New England for instance, shows a decrease that is almost the greatest of all the countries examined. The whole showing is valuable as corroborating the theory that what may be called the "native races," even though civilized and presumably sagacious and prudent, have a tendency to decrease unless stimulated and freshened by the influx of immigration. It is still more important as determining with accuracy that the heaven-ordained order of marriage and the holy joys of parentage are losing favor, from some cause or other, with the leading nations of the earth.

Just what that cause may be in each particular instance we shall not now attempt to discuss; but its effect cannot but be plain as the noon-day sun. The land whose sons and daughters upon coming to maturity decline to marry, and who spend their lives in what is falsely called "single blessedness," is already far gone upon the swiftly downward course. The nation whose ears are not gladdened with the prattle of its babes and the joyous shout of its honorably-born children is already doomed. Aliens will come into its choice places and its inheritances will pass unto strangers.

YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.

How often we find ourselves at the limit apparently of our resources—mental, moral, or physical, when every impulse of our nature is crying out for us to "go forward." Important work presses us closely, but the way seems all hedged up. But let us not lose heart even in face of great difficulties. Let us take all the preliminary steps in our power, and trust and try. "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and the Lord will send thee flax." If it is the Lord's work for us, He will give us the means; He will open the way.

Many a young person is anxious to obtain an education, whose every day is filled up with busy tasks. They look with repining towards many more favored youths, who yet have no appreciation of their privileges, and who trifle away the golden season as carelessly as if it could always stay. "Oh, if I had their chance!" sighs the weary young worker. And yet very likely it would be as lightly prized. You can tell in a measure, how you would improve it by noting the way in which

you improve the inferior opportunities you do possess. Are you diligent to use the spare hours you have in acquiring valuable information? Are you willing to devote an hour, at least, each evening to good reading or careful study of some useful subject quite within your reach? A great deal can be gained by a systematic use of this evening hour, and it will by degrees become the most delightful one in all the day. It will become a stepping-stone also to a higher position in life, and will help to make one more respected in a humble calling. An eastern college, this year took pride in presenting one of its honors to a humble man who sells the products of his own garden through the streets, but who so improves his leisure by profound scientific study, and occasional literary efforts, that he has commanded the respect and admiration of the literary world. A humble Scotch baker had made such a valuable botanical collection, that the most distinguished naturalists delighted to visit him and examine his treasures. Make the most of your powers in the position where God has placed you, and never fear but you will hear a voice saying often, "Come up higher."

"WHAT is home where love is not?" asks a young poet. It's a mighty interesting place—to the neighbors.

It is a good deal cheaper to learn from others' experience, than to let them learn from ours.

THE man lives most perfectly whose constant happiness is found in the consciousness that, in doing the best that he can for himself, he is also doing the best he can for every being that is capable of having good done to it.

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.)

An Adventure with Mr. Billy.

MRS. POLK had gone to town, leaving Rosa, her little daughter, to keep house during her absence. Knowing Rosa to be alone, mother let me go and spend the day with her.

The time passed swiftly by while we nursed sick dolls, prepared meals for well-to-do city friends, who in fancy came to see us; attended Sunday school, in which the chairs played the part of audience; washed doll clothes, etc.

Wearying of this, we turned our attention to out-door amusements. A pet lamb almost grown afforded us great sport. In his young days he had been trained to butt, the trick being then considered a "cute" one. His spirit thoroughly aroused, he chased us from work-bench to fence, back and forth, until we were weary.

Mr. Polk had dug his carrots a few days before and put them into a pit, the roof having a door in it. This door being open we watched our chance, and when Billy was not looking we quitted the fence, taking refuge in the pit. The lamb was not long in following, and the old pit rang with our laughter as the wooly head was lowered toward us.

Carrots were scraped and disappeared between pearly teeth until we were satisfied and ready to go back to our dolls; but there stood that pesky lamb. To attempt an escape meant to have our own curly locks come in contact with Billy's solid head and young horns.

"He'll soon get tired and leave," said Rosa.

But at these words his head shook

and his eyes seemed to say, "Not so fast, my pretty mistress. I've been looking up to you, but now my hour has come."

Not until the sun had gone to rest and the rattle of Mr. Polk's wagon was heard did that plucky creature take his attention from his little captives. Cautiously we crept out, weary but wiser girls.

Hattie Young.

The Stray Dog--A Fable.

ONE day a large, yellow, well-kept dog named Jack saw a poor, black dog lying on the banks of a stream of water near where Jack lived.

Going up to him in a very pert way, he asked sarcastically, "What's your name, and where do you come from?"

"My name, sir, is Trust, but alas! I am from nowhere in particular. Ever since I can remember I have had no home but the woods, and nothing to eat but what I could pick up. I have met with nothing but a kick or a stone from man, who claims to be so noble and kind, and nothing but a snarl or a bite from my brother dogs; and now I have come to the conclusion that this life is not worth the living, and I often wish myself dead."

"You talk very pitiful, but if you were as innocent as your talk would indicate, you would have both home and friends. No one but vagabonds and rascals tramp around as you do, notwithstanding your fine name," said Jack.

"I only wish I had a chance to prove myself, and I might be found as good and honest as many who think themselves better than I am," replied Trust.

Just then Jack's master called him to

drive some cattle out of the grain field near the house, but lazy Jack ran and hid in a sneaking way. Trust, seeing what was wanted, at once went, and soon had all the cattle out.

After this was done the farmer called and petted him, then took him to the house and fed him.

Jack finding himself neglected and the stranger favored, became very jealous and determined at once to get Trust sent away, by throwing suspicion on him. So he robbed the hens' nests, killed young chickens, but was finally caught killing a lamb. When the good farmer saw this, he justly shot Jack for a villain and thief, and Trust ever afterward had a good home and a kind master.

Moral: Respectable men may become tramps, and tramps may become respectable men. It is only a question of work and will.

Nephi Otteson.

A Bit of News.

ROSA WATSON dearly loved to tell news. So strong was this desire to gossip in her that she would often hire her little brother to let her be the first to tell something they had heard at school or on the street. She did not always tell her stories correctly, for her "news" was sometimes new to the people it concerned.

One day a new pupil came to school. She was from the West, and her name was Ada Parker, but no one knew anything about her family and friends. She, therefore, became a fit subject for Rosa's vivid imagination.

Rosa and Ada were walking over the grounds at recess when a piece of paper fluttered from Ada's apron pocket. She quickly stopped and picked it up, but

not too quick for Rosa's bright eye to see that it was a piece of a letter written in a man's bold handwriting. Before they reached the school-house the paper fell again. This time Ada did not notice it, and Rosa dropped her handkerchief and picked up both at the same time.

As soon as she found time and opportunity she unfolded the paper and found these words:

"The trial comes off the 20th. Hope for the best. "Charley."

Before school was dismissed Rosa had told a number of her class-mates she had some news to tell them concerning Ada Parker. After school they all gathered around her on the stone steps, and she told them how she had found a piece of Ada's letter, saying that her father was to have his trial that month.

In a few days it was whispered along the village that Mrs. Malay's new pupil was the daughter of a murderer. When Mrs. Malay heard the report she traced it from one to another back to poor Rosa. She visited Rosa and asked her where she received her authority for telling such a story.

"I found it on a piece of paper," she stammered.

"Found what?" inquired the teacher.

"Found the words: 'The trial comes off on the 20th. Hope for the best.

'Charley.'"

Mrs. Malay quietly explained that the letter was from Ada's cousin, telling her of a college boat race, in which he hoped to be victor. "I hope you are satisfied with my explanation and will lose no time in correcting the report."

"Rosa, in consequence of this sad affair, I think you had better leave school and pursue your studies at home."

With these polite words of explanation, and this delicate manner of expelling Rosa, Mrs. Malay bade Rosa's folks good morning. It was a severe trial for Rosa, but it was a merited one. She tried hard to cultivate a truthful way of telling things, and today no one ever thinks of doubting her word.

"NOW I HEAR YOU."

FATHER O'HALLORAN had a telephone put into the parsonage in connection with the church, the parochial school, etc. Patrick McFee, his reverence's handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument, and it was only the next day when Pat, dusting out the church heard the clatter of the telephone bell. Taking down the receiver, he was pleased to hear Father O'Halloran's familiar voice asking him something or other about his work. Pat, in essaying to answer, remembered that his reverence was a long way off, and Pat consequently shouted into the transmitter at the top of his voice. "I don't understand you, Patrick," said the telephone. Pat tried again, but with no better success. On his third trial, he came near splitting the telephone; but again came Father O'Halloran's voice, "I can't hear what you are saying, Patrick." Pat had by this time lost something of his patience, and as he stood gathering breath for a fourth blast, he couldn't refrain from soliloquizing in a low tone, "Ah! may the devil fly away wid the ould fool." But Pat dropped the telephone like a hot potato and fell to his knees in dismay, when he heard Father O'Halloran's voice once again, "Now I hear you perfectly, Patrick."

JOYS are our wings; sorrows our spurs.

MR. GRANT'S PEAR TREE.

It was close to the fence, so close that a small boy by climbing up could easily reach over and pick the pears. They were luscious, great Bartlett's, and it was just loaded this summer.

Rob Ellis drove Mr. Mason's cow by there night and morning, and looked with longing eyes at the pears every time he passed. The truth was, Rob did not always have quite as much as he wanted to eat, there were so many of them at home that it took a good deal to go round. There weren't any pear trees on the Ellis place either, and it seemed to Rob that there could not be anything much nicer than a nice pear. So every day going and coming he looked at Mr. Grant's pears, and wished that he could have all he wanted just once.

"I don't see what he has so many for, and we don't have any. He lives there all by himself, and I don't believe he cares for them for they are rotting on the ground. I just don't see what the harm would be in my picking two or three," he said to himself one morning as he passed. It was very hot that day, and Rob was at work for Mr. Mason in the lot.

He kept thinking of the pears all day, how nice and juicy they were, and how refreshing one would be, and by night he had decided that when he went after the cows, if there was no one 'round, he would stop and pick two or three. If it was perfectly right for him to do it, as he tried to persuade himself it was for various reasons, I cannot see why it made any difference about anyone's being in sight, can you? But it did. When Rob got to the tree he looked very carefully in all directions, and then not

seeing anyone climbed up and picked three large pears.

He never forgot how he felt as he jumped down and went on after the cow. He began on the largest, juiciest pear, but somehow it did not seem nearly as nice as he had expected. He did not finish it, but tried another.

That, however, did not taste any better, and he put the third one in his pocket.

"I don't see what the matter is with them," he said to himself. "I never would have touched the old things if I hadn't supposed they were better than that."

He was not very hungry at supper time, a fact that his mother was quick to notice. He did not act like himself either. She saw that, too, as mothers see everything. He had hardly anything to say about what had happened to him during the day, and he never once looked right in her face. Something had gone wrong, she was sure. Rob had thrown his jacket down on a chair when he came in, and had forgotten that he had left the pear in the pocket.

After supper Jimmy and Ted were playing about, and happening to want that chair for their train of cars took the jacket up, and out rolled the pear.

"O—h, Rob!" cried Jimmy. "where did you get it? Mayn't I have a bite?"

Rob's face colored crimson. "I do wish you would let my things alone," he said sharply, "but you can have the whole of the pear if you want." The boys were delighted, of course, but Rob's mother looked troubled as he went out doors. She was alone when he came in to go to bed, he had thought probably she would be, and he knew he never could kiss her good-night until he had told her all. So he

came in and hung around a minute or two then she called him to her.

"Tell me all about it," she said.

"I don't see what was the harm," began Rob. "Mr. Grant can't eat half of them, and they're just rotting on the ground, and anyway I only took three."

"Oh, Rob, you don't mean that you took some of Mr. Grant's pears? Is my boy a thief?"

It seemed to Rob then that he would give millions, if he had them, to have had those pears back on the tree.

"It don't seem to me it was really stealing," he said. "I only took three, and he has lots."

"You took what was not yours, and that is stealing. no matter how little you take nor how much one has. What will you do about it?"

"I don't see as I can do anything about it now," answered Rob. "I would be glad enough to put them back if I could, but I don't see as I can."

"No, but you can go and pay Mr. Grant. If you don't I shall. I cannot bear it to have my son a thief, and not do what I can to make restitution."

Well, it was dreadful, wasn't it? Rob thought it was, and it seemed to him he could not do it anyway. Still as he thought and thought it over after he had gone to bed he was sure it was the only right thing to do. So the next morning when he went to drive the cow, he took his little pocket-book which held all his wealth, the savings of many long weeks, two nickles and a ten-cent piece. He opened the gate and went slowly up the walk, his heart thumping away furiously, and his throat dry and parched.

Mr. Grant was on the porch and said good morning pleasantly, but for a moment Rob could not answer.

"I've—come to pay you, sir. I climbed

up on the fence and took some pears yesterday, and I'm ever so sorry," he said at last.

Mr. Grant looked at him for a moment without speaking. Rob was surprised to see how sorry he looked.

"I've brought all my money to pay for them," continued Rob; "if it isn't enough I will give you more when Mr. Mason pays me."

"Sit down, my boy, and tell me about it. How many did you take?"

"Three."

"Then I think ten cents will be sufficient, but I am sorry you took them. I would have given you all you wanted if you had asked me, but it would be far better never to taste a pear than to steal even one. It may seem a small thing to you, but you are young now and you are making yourself what you will be when you are a man. I want to tell you about a man I know. When he was a little boy he made up his mind that he would be a rich man and he began even then to scheme and trade and save.

"He was so anxious to make money that sometimes he was too sharp in his bargains, and the boys began to feel distrustful of him. He felt ashamed and guilty the first few times that he cheated them for the sake of gain, but by and by he began to feel proud to think how sharp he was. He kept on and when he went into business he carried the same principles with him. He is an old man now, and a rich man, but he would give every cent he has to go back and be a little fellow again like you.

"If he could go back like that he would be honest and true, if he never had a cent to his name. My boy, it is a sad, sad thing to be an old man and be sorry for the way you have spent

your life. Wealth and worldly honor count for nothing when you come to die; but no matter how much you regret the way you have lived, there is no going back.

"You have only one life to live, my boy, see that you live every day of it as you will wish you had when you come to the end. And be afraid of the small sins, the little things as you call them, for they make the big ones. Will you remember these words of an old man?"

"Yes, sir, I will," replied Rob, gravely, as though making a solemn promise.

"And I shall, I know I shall," he told his mother that night.

"I kept thinking all the time that he was the man he was talking about, he looked so sad. I couldn't hardly keep from crying, and I tell you, mother, I mean to try hard not to be so sorry myself when I am old."

Kate S. Gates.

LION.

WE think it would be an excellent thing if all children were as sensitive to praise and blame as the dog in the following story. And if Lion felt so much mortification over coming into the parlor with muddy feet, cannot our boys be a little more careful than even he was?

A Newfoundland dog owned by a New Orleans lady gave an entertaining illustration of the fact that in some way dogs comprehend what is said to them.

One day a lady called on his mistress, and during her visit Lion came in rather shyly, laid down on the parlor carpet, and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor finally said:

"What a handsome Newfoundland dog you have."

Lion opened one eye.

"Yes," said the mistress. "He is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children." Lion opened the other eye and waived his tail complacently to and fro on the carpet. "When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel sure that no harm can come to her," his mistress continued. Lion's tail thumped up and down violently on the carpet. "And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion to them that we would not take a thousand dollars for him." Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round and round with great, undisguised glee. "But," said the mistress, "Lion has one serious fault." Total subsidence of Lion's tail, together with the appearance of an expression of great concern on his face. "He will come in here with his dirty feet and lie down on the carpet when I have told him time and again that he mustn't do it."

At this point Lion would doubtless have remonstrated if he could, but, being speechless, he arose with an air of the utmost dejection and humiliation and slunk out of the room with his lately exuberant tail totally crestfallen.

CHINA has a bridge at Langang, over an arm of the China Sea, some five miles long, with three hundred arches. Over the pillar of each arch reclines a lion twenty-one feet long, made of one block of marble. The roadway is seventy feet wide.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl.

"No; but grandmother did," was the reply.

Our Little Folks.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

At the beginning of the present year we published a list of prizes which we offered for various kinds of work done by boys and girls under eighteen years of age. The articles sent in competition were to reach us by the 15th of June, as on that day the competition closed. The following is a list of the names of persons to whom prizes have been awarded, and of others whose work possessed merit:

For best story—First prize, L. G. Horne, Farmer's Ward, cloth bound, large print copy of the Book of Mormon; second prize, Millie Babcock, Spanish Fork, leather, gilt copy of Latter-day Saints' Hymn Book.

In this class there was a large number of competitors, many of whom sent articles of considerable merit. It is not necessary to give the names of those deserving honorable mention, as some of their stories have already appeared in the INSTRUCTOR during the past six months, and the others will appear in the near future.

For Best Lead Pencil Drawing—First Prize, John Leo Fairbanks, Payson, leather bound copy of Domestic Science; second prize, Stella Jacobs, Salt Lake City, cloth bound copy of Domestic Science.

Others whose drawings were of merit worthy of honorable mention are—Andrew Kerr, Ogden; Maria Stowell Evans, Huntsville; Annie McKay, Wells Hales, Minnie H. Hales, Spanish Fork; Ester Revoir, Calvin Fletcher, David Johnson, Benjamin A. Johnson, Provo; Emma Cottam, Sidney W. Pace, St. George; Thomas M. Reese, Wilford Horne, Mill Creek; Sarah Stephenson,

Harrisville; Maggie Smith, C. W. Bennett, Nettie Barratt, Salt Lake City; Preston Nibley, Franklin, Idaho; John G. Page, Pinto; Christian Schwendiman, Teton, Idaho; George Gardner, Payson; John Westover, St. Joseph, Arizona; George D. Parkinson, Preston, Idaho; Leroy J. Cheney, Centerville.

For Best Map of Utah—First prize, Andrew Heber Wardle, Fenton, Wyoming, cloth bound copy of Wonderlands of the Wild West; second prize, Arthur Roy Jacobs, Salt Lake City, cloth bound copy of Poetical Writings of O. F. Whitney.

Others whose drawings were worthy of honorable mention are—Junius Romney, Colonia Juarez, Mexico; Zoe S. Richman, Maggie Crapo, Paradise, Clarence Gardiner, Salt Lake City; Vinnie Olsen, Ephraim; John Schwendiman, Teton, Idaho; Ezra Smith, Logan; Horace N. Fish, Thatcher, Arizona; Thomas M. Reese, Mill Creek; Emma Cottam, St. George; Benjamin A. Johnson, Provo; Carrie Wickman, Emery; Brigham F. Lamb, Farmington; Albert L. Yates, Lehi.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship (boys or girls between twelve and eighteen years)—First prize, Joseph S. Fish, Snowflake, Arizona, leather bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians; second prize, Charles Hollis Tietjen, Santaquin, cloth bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians.

Others who sent good specimens of writing are—Jane G. Bleak, Clara Jackson, Nellie McFarlane, Lizzie H. Milne, Penelope Bleak, St. George; Nellie Eggleston, Afton, Wyoming; John D. Morrill, Junction; Cynthia Beecher, Mary A. Ward, Elba, Idaho; Angelina Smith, Sarah Jane King, Spanish Fork; Hannah Peterson, Salt Lake City.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship

(boys and girls under twelve years)—First prize, Susie Stewart, Benjamin, cloth bound copy of *From Kirtland to Salt Lake*; second prize, Rachel H. Leatham, Salt Lake City, cloth bound copy of *Moral Stories*.

Other little folks who competed for these prizes are—Eliza Williams, Mona; Ina Stratford, Orinda Woolley, Effie Reast, Ogden; Leroy Gardner, Payson; Rhoda Cannon, St. George; Annie Parkinson, Preston, Idaho; Mabel Mower, Springville; Avenia Savage, Woodruff, Arizona.

For Best Pocket Knife Work—First prize, Junius Romney, Colonia Juraz, Mexico

(Of this class of work the above-named was the only one who sent work good enough for honorable mention.)

For Best Specimen of Knitting—First prize, Rachel Day, Draper, Morocco, gilt copy of *Latter-day Saints' Hymn Book*; second prize, Mary Lucetta Shumway, Clarkston, Morocco, gilt copy of *Deseret Sunday School Song Book*.

Another whose work was deserving of honorable mention is Amy E. Patterson, Bloomington, Idaho.

For Best Specimen of Crochet Work—First prize, Genie Silver, Salt Lake City, cloth bound copy of the *Life of John Taylor*; second prize, Lenora E. Gardner, Pine Valley, cloth bound copy of the *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon*.

Others who sent excellent specimens of such work are—Rachel Ann Briggs, North Bountiful; Sadie Jones, Cedar City; Mary A. Ward, Elba, Idaho; Janie Wilson, Teasdale; Esther Dalley, Summit; Mamie Esplin, Orderville; Mary Lucettia Shumway, Clarkston.

Several of the pieces of crochet work were of such excellence that it was a

difficult matter to decide which was best.

For Best Specimen of Embroidery—First prize, Mary King, Manassa, Colorado, cloth bound copy of the *Life of Joseph Smith*.

For Best Specimen of Art Work in Tissue Paper—First Prize, Rettie L. Hale, Smithfield, leather, gilt, large print copy of *Book of Mormon*. The tissue paper flowers sent by Miss Hale are deserving of special mention, as they are so artistically made and tastefully arranged.

All the creditable work of the different classes will be on exhibition in our show windows for a short time, as it makes a very pleasing display. We will afterwards mail the articles to the various competitors, except to those who instructed us to keep their work until called for.

MORE PRIZES.

HERE is another list of prizes which we offer for various kinds of work. We desire to encourage our numerous young friends to continue their interest in writing, in drawing and in pursuing other useful studies, and offer these prizes for that purpose. Every one who competes does not win a prize, yet each one receives through his efforts a certain amount of practice that is of more value to him than are the prizes. It is therefore profitable for all to try their best to excel in whatever they undertake to do. The competition is open to all within the ages specified.

To give the younger boys and girls an equal chance with the older ones we offer one lot of prizes to those under fourteen years, and another lot to those over fourteen and not above eighteen years.

FOR BEST ORIGINAL STORY, suitable

for this department of the INSTRUCTOR, by boy or girl under fourteen—First prize, a handsome set of books entitled Simple Bible Stories; second prize, a copy of book entitled Moral Stories.

FOR BEST ORIGINAL STORY, suitable for these columns, by boy or girl between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, large print, cloth bound copy of Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, small print, cloth bound Doctrine and Covenants.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, by boy or girl under fourteen, subject to be chosen by the competitor.—First prize, any four books of the Faith-Promoting Series; second prize, copy of the work entitled The Martyrs.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years of age, subject to be chosen by competitor—First prize, large print, cloth bound copy of the Book of Mormon; second prize, copy of the work called The Martyrs and of the book entitled Gospel Philosophy.

FOR THE BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, by boy or girl under fourteen—First prize, cloth bound copy of Life of John Taylor; second prize, Morocco, gilt copy of Latter-day Saints' Hymn Book.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, leather, gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

FOR BEST PENCIL DRAWING FROM NATURE, competition open to all under the age of twenty years, subject must be a landscape scene in Utah or surrounding states or territories—First prize, leather, gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

FOR BEST HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH, competition open to all under twenty years of age. Each competitor in this class is expected to write an account of the valley in which he lives, stating when and by whom first settled; the principal items of interest connected with its history since first colonized; description of its location and surroundings; the natural curiosities found in it; its population; its industries, etc. That our young friends will fully understand what we mean, we will explain that the competitors who live in Sanpete Valley, for example, will write a sketch of that valley, and its settlement, no matter what town they live in; those living in Utah Valley will write about Utah Valley, and so on. Where there are large valleys, as for instance Salt Lake Valley, those living in Salt Lake County should write about that part of it only; and those living in Davis County should write only about that one county. Boys and girls under twenty years, in surrounding states and territories are also invited to compete. First prize, full morocco, gilt, large print copy of Book of Mormon; second prize, leather, gilt, large print Book of Mormon.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the first six Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, by boys or girls under fourteen years—First prize, copy of Deseret Sunday School Song Book; second prize, copy of Book of Mormon Stores.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the thirteen Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saint, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, calf grain, gilt copy of Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, leather bound copy of Doctrine and Covenants.

All articles for competition must reach us by December 1st, 1895.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Moses Called on a Mission.

WHEN Moses grew up to be a man he went out into the fields one day to see the Israelites at work. He knew they were his brethren, and it made him feel very sorry to see how they were abused and how hard they had to work.

Very soon he spied one of the Egyptian task-masters striking one of the Israelites with his whip. Moses looked all around, and when he saw that no one was looking he killed the Egyptian and hid him in the sand.

The next day he went out again and saw two of the Israelites fighting; he asked them why they quarreled, and told them they ought not to do so; but they were so angry they did not want their quarrel broken up, and one of them said, "Who made you a judge over us? Do you mean to kill me as you did the Egyptian?"

Now if Pharaoh heard how the Egyptian was killed he would have killed Moses, so Moses got out of Egypt as fast as he could, and went to another country called Midian. He lived there a good many years with a man named Jethro, and married one of his daughters.

Jethro had large flocks of sheep, and Moses took care of them. One day when he had taken the sheep a long ways from home to find good grass he came to a mountain called Mount Horeb, and he saw fire in a bush, but the bush kept on looking green and fresh. He stopped to see why it did not burn away, and he heard the voice of the Lord speaking to him out of the burning bush.

The Lord told him that he was to go and bring the Israelites out of Egypt. At first Moses said he was not good enough to go on such a mission as that; but the Lord said He would be with him and give him wisdom. Moses then said he was too slow of speech, and the Lord said he could take his brother Aaron with him, for he was a good talker; and the Lord would tell Moses what was to be done, and Moses could tell Aaron what to say to the people.

Moses said the people would not believe that God had sent him. He had a rod in his hand, and the Lord told him to throw it down. When he did so it became a snake, and Moses started to run away from it, but the Lord told him to take hold of it by the tail, and when he obeyed it became a rod again. He then told Moses to put his hand in his bosom and take it out, which he did, and found his hand covered with a very bad disease called leprosy; but the Lord told him to put it in his bosom again and take it out, and on doing so it became good flesh again like the other hand.

The Lord told Moses he should go to Egypt and tell the Israelites that God had sent him to deliver them out of bondage, and he should do these signs in their midst, that they might believe; and he should then ask the king to let them go three days journey into the wilderness that they might offer sacrifices to the Lord.

Then Moses took the sheep back to Jethro, and he took his wife and two sons and started on his mission to Egypt.

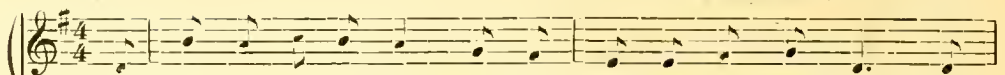
When the Lord calls us on a mission we should accept it cheerfully and willingly, knowing that He will help us to perform it if we trust in Him and do the best we can. *Celia A. Smith.*

HOW MERRY IS THE SPRINGTIME!

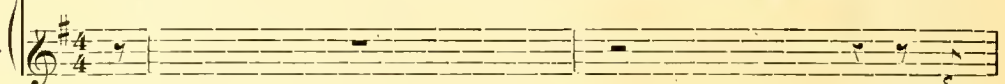
Canon in Two Parts, for Children's Voices.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE MINNS.

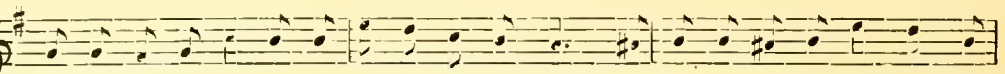
Moderato.

1ST. 

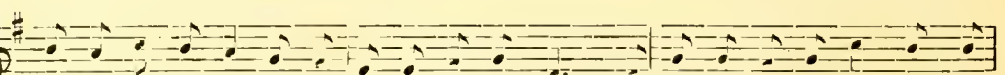
1. How mer - ry is the springtime! How bap - py all things seem! The
 2. When winter's reign is ov - er, And ice and snows are fled, What

2ND. 

1. The
 2. What

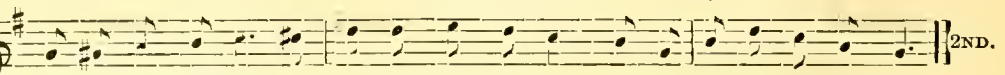


flocks now range the valleys, And flow'rs with sunshine gleam: Earth teeming now with beauty, With
 wealth of richest blooming On ev'ry hand is spread! When nature is a-wak-ened From

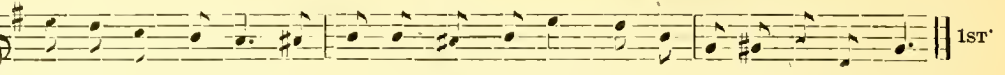


flocks now range the valleys, And flow'rs with sunshine gleam: Earth teeming now with beauty, With
 wealth of richest blooming On ev'ry hand is spread! When nature is a-wak-ened From

Rall.



gifts from heav'n above, Must fill our hearts with glad-ness, With thankfulness, and love!
 out her solemn sleep, Let us be thankful al-ways That we such blessings reap.



gifts from heav'n above, Must fill our hearts with gladness, With thankfulness, and love!
 out her solemn sleep, Let us be thankful al-ways, That we such blessings reap.

WHAT A MAN KNOWS.

WHAT a man can write out clearly, correctly, and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows whatever else he may be ignorant of. For knowledge that falls short of that—knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain—I for one profess no respect at all. And I believe there never was a time or country where the influence of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste. write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that the word

thinking is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part purchase their daily allowance of thought ready made. You find ten times more people now than ever before who can string words together with facility, and with a general idea of their meaning, and are ready with a theory of some kind about most matters. All that is very well as far as it goes, but it is one thing to be able to do this and quite another to know how to use words as they should be, or really to have thought out the subject you discuss.

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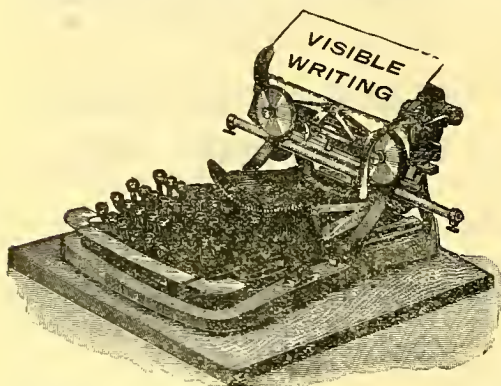
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2:15 P. M.	2:45 P. M.
3:45 P. M.	4:15 P. M.
5:45 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:15 P. M.	7:45 P. M.

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